Then love-devouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is lothsomnesse in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh so light a foot
Will never weare out the everlasting flint:
A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to such excesse,
I cannot summe up some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short worke,
For by your leaves you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we shall not scape a braule, for now these hot dayes is the mad blood stirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like
ters the confines of a
Table, and sayes, Go
peration of the secon
deed there is no nee
Ben. Am I like suc
Mer. Come, com
any in *Italy*, and as
moodie to be moved.
Ben. And what too
Mer. Nay, and th
shortly, for one wo
quarrell with a man
his beard than thou
cracking Nuts, havi
hasell eyes: what
quarrell? thy head i
and yet thy head hat
relling: thou hast qu
because he hath wak
Sun. Didst thou no
doublet before Easte
with old ribband? a
Ben. And I were
buy the fee-simple o
Mer. The fee-si
Enter
Ben. By my head
Mer. By my heel
Tib. Follow me
Gentlemen Good-
Mer. And but o
thing, make it a wo
Tib. You shall fi
give me occasion.
Mercutio. Coul
ving?